Refuse Thy Name

by persephoneapple

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><strong>HermioneRon, possible future Hermione/Draco [PG, 811 words]**
><strong>Disclaimer:<strong> JK Rowling and co own everything. I'm writing for fun and not for profit.
><strong>AN:** One of my first fics, written in 2014. It's still unbeta'd and written for the prompt: What's in a name?
>I want to expand this in the future, so this is just a short scene that I've had in my mind for a while and might not make sense.<p>


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"It's definitely dragon pox, Mrs Parker, but I'll have Healer Granger take another look," Malfoy said as he flicked his wand to disinfect his hands. Hermione, who had been walking down the hallway when she heard his comments, saw Malfoy grimace at the young boy and she shook her head. The boy was covered in blisters, shivering as he wrapped his arms tightly around himself. His mother stood right next to him, combing back his sweat-slicked hair away from his face. Even though she was just about to head out on her lunch break, Hermione entered the room.

"Hello, I'm Healer _Weasley_," she emphasized as she greeted the mother and child, looking at Malfoy for an explanation, but he just handed her the child's medical records. Before she could read the

information, she cast diagnostic spells to make sure the boy didn't have any other serious illness. When the results were revealed, Hermione placed a Silencing charm so that they could speak without alarming the patient.

"Just like I told them, Granger, it's dragon pox." Malfoy sounded bored as he crossed his arms and looked at her. "I don't understand why the mother is making a big deal out of something that is easily cured."

"She just doesn't want her son to be in pain and sick. You need to work on your bedside manner."

"It's not my fault if they can't handle the truth. That's why I send them to you, Granger. I diagnose and you deal with the treatment and emotions, and so on."

"You can't keep doing that, Malfoy," Hermione scolded him. Malfoy raised an eyebrow at the remark. "Honestly, you'll confuse the patients if you keep referring them to a Healer Granger."

"But there's far too many Weasleys; won't that confuse them even further?" He smirked when she remained quiet for a moment, flustered, before she pushed him away.

"Oh, honestly, Malfoy, if you're just going to argue about something as trivial as my married name, make yourself useful and bring me back lunch."

"Sure thing, Granger," he laughed quietly before disappearing.

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><p>He brought her back take away from her favourite Indian place. It was worth going out to Muggle London just to see her eyes widen in surprise. For himself, he abhorred any spicy concoction, so he chose instead a simple pastry, a chocolate éclair, and a cup of hot chocolate.<p>

"What treatment did the brat end up having?" Malfoy asked, taking a bite out of his pastry as Hermione almost choked on her food.

"Malfoy! Don't call him that. He really _was_ sick," Hermione chided him. "Sometimes I wonder why you choose to specialize in pediatric care after healer training." She shook her head just as he was about to speak and said, "Never mind. I don't want to know the answer. I'm sure it's something absurd." Malfoy scoffed, but otherwise didn't say anything.

After taking a sip of her drink, Hermione said, "Oh, I meant to ask earlier, are you still coming over for dinner tonight? Harry's bringing Al."

"Why would I do that?" Draco frowned as he stared at the bottom of his cup. He didn't want to spend his only free night among Weasleys and Potters starring at a bawling baby. "So what if the Saviour had another kid? That doesn't mean we should all be fusing over it."

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Fine, don't go. But you'll be missing out on seeing Albus Severus. He's adorable."

Now Malfoy did spit out his drink. "What did Potter name his sprog?"

"Albus, but we just call him Al."

Malfoy shook his head. "Poor kid, he's already doomed. Let's just hope he doesn't get his father's eyesight. Or hair."

"Too late, he looks just like his dad, green eyes and all." She took another bite of her food and then asked, "What would you name your kid, then?"

Malfoy sat up straighter and looked proud as he said, "Scorpius."

She snorted. "What a pretentious name."

Now Malfoy smiled. "I know. I'm going to keep the Black family tradition of naming children after constellations. What about you? What name has the honour of being bestowed upon the first child you and the Weasel have?"

"Rose," Hermione responded, ready for the ridicule that Malfoy could dish out. Except none came.

"How quaint, Granger," he said, crumbling up the greasy paper his pastry had come wrapped in.

"Oh, shut up, Malfoy. You're one to say anything. Scorpius, indeed. That kid will be born with a silver spoon stuck in his arse. And for the last time, my name's Hermione _Weasley_."

He couldn't resist one more jab before returning to work. "Why, Granger," he said in mock horror. "I for sure thought you'd at least hyphenate your name to save yourself from a sea of Weasleys."

He ducked to evade the spoonful of curry she flung at him.


End
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